

INTER NOS

Vol. VI

June 1954

No. 2

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Editorial

The second number of Inter Nos for 1954 will be issued in time to wish a pleasant vacation to our subscribers especially to our students completing the second semester of the college year. May our non-student subscribers also look forward to some of the hoped for relaxation associated with the summer months.

We thank you for your help in the renewal of your subscriptions, and should the urge move you to contribute material for the September issue, we shall be grateful and surprised.

The character of the last four articles in the current number, was formed under the influence of "Inter Cultural Week," when prizes were won by those contributors, who best expressed the purpose and spirit of the week. The story written by Sister Dorothy Mary, the author of MAUDE grouped well with the rest, though not written for the occasion.

June, the Month of the Sacred Heart

Jesus Christ Himself is the founder of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which since the seventeenth century has spread over the whole world. The instrument He used to make known His desires was an unknown cloistered Visitandine, living in a monastery in the humble little village of Paray le Monial in France. We know her as St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, the chosen victim of suffering love, to whom her Saviour appeared in numerous visions, and through whom as His channel, flowed the revelations of His desires, and the means of their accomplishment.

Jesus condescended to ask that a feast be instituted in honor of His Sacred Heart, even mentioning the day—the Friday following the octave of Corpus Christi. The reception of Holy Communion was to be the chief act of worship on this feast. He expressed the wish that representations of His Heart, crowned with thorns and burning with love, be exposed for public veneration.

Jesus further asked that His friends receive Holy Communion on the First Friday of each month and urged the practice of the Holy Hour. His wishes, springing from His infinite love for mankind, asked only that men love Him in return.

The promises made by Our Lord in favor of those who practiced devotion to His Sacred Heart, are marvelous beyond human expectation. They should be read and studied occasionally to renew the warmth of our love and devotion to the Heart of Christ.

Our Lord has said:

1. I will give them all the graces necessary for their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their families.
3. I will console them in all their difficulties.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life, and especially at the hour of their death.
5. I will shed abundant blessings on their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in my Heart a fountain and boundless ocean of mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall rise speedily to great perfection.
9. I will bless every house in which the picture of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored.
10. I will give priests the power of touching the hardest hearts.
11. Those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, and they shall never be effaced.

12. I promise thee in the excess of the mercy of My Heart, that its all powerful love will grant to all those who receive Communion on the first Friday of the month, for nine consecutive months, the grace of final repentance, and that they shall not die, under my displeasure, nor without receiving the sacraments, and My Heart shall be their secure refuge at the last hour.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA

GIVING

By Sister Anne Jeannette

*Why must the flowers I give
Be always crushed and fainting?
Why must my spikenard filter out
Meager drop by meager drop
To add but fragile sweetness
Of Magdalen that broke
The alabaster's flawless white
And poured its priceless fragrance
In floods of generous giving?
Can I not give my flowers
Satin-petaled and perfume-hearted,
Fresh-cut and smiling?*

Modern Hagiography

By Sister Bernardine Marie Newman, C.S.J.

Our modern writers, both lay and members of the clergy, are in reaction against a tradition which has insisted on making the saints appear as far separated from ordinary humanity as possible. The technique of the old school called for a preoccupation with bodily macerations, disciplines, hair shirts, prolonged prayer, ecstasies, astonishing miracles. Its writers consistently dwelt in the region of superlatives. They seemed, as Francis Sheed has expressed it, 'to feel the inadequacy of ordinary expression and to have decided to talk in falsetto.'

"The ideals of the new hagiography are expressed in a vigorous conception of sainthood by those who are now writing saints' lives. That the saint is first and finally a human being, and is a saint just because and just in as much as he is a human being; that sanctity is humanity raised to the limit, the utmost possibility of one's being—this is the controlling idea of modern hagiography."

(*Alexander Calvert, Catholic Literary Revival*)

In the long list of Father Cyril Martindale's books there is scarcely one that is not popular—written for the people, the simple mind, the mind of today, scarcely one whose appeal is not to all men of some goodwill. He has given an apt illustration of the new trend in his *'Vocation of Aloysius Gonzaga'*. Instead of plaster and caricature, Aloysius has flesh and blood. The saint emerges from a background of pagan culture. When one knows the turbulent blood that flowed in his veins, one begins to realize that he certainly had need of severest measures to turn it into other channels. By catching some glimpse of the amazing immorality of his generation, one sees why this young prince who offered himself as a victim for its crimes should be held up to the Church as the Patron of youth.

John Beevers, an Englishman living at present in Hampshire, says he wrote *'Storm of Glory'* because he was "sick to death of hearing Saint Therese branded as the Little Flower and made the victim of a lot of sentimental gush." He feels also that the doctrine of the saint should relate to the crisis in which civilization finds itself.

On page 198 he says:

"No mistake must be made about Therese's common sense. She was a young woman when she died and had lived as we have seen, a most sheltered life, but she was also a Frenchwoman and a Norman, and to this natural heritage was added an abundance of super-natural graces."

Mr. Beevers calls Therese the greatest saint of modern times principally because she has made sanctity seem not only attractive but possible to many people of the world, who, but for her, would have thought of sanctity as too remote and mysterious and impractical for such as they. In simple, sincere style he shows this woman saint in every detail of living, standing in direct opposition to the spirit of intellectual pride and slothful worship.

Christopher Hollis, Flight Lieutenant, author, critic, publisher and professor, besides proving himself an able Catholic Conservative in England's House of Commons, is an original thinker, a vigorous thinker.

"He combines fairness, thoroughness and grasp of detail with swiftness, wit and versatility."

(*Charles Faye, Catholic Profiles*)

In his *Saint Ignatius* he explodes, as it were, the pious belief that the saints were austere superhumans who never behaved as creatures of God.

To use the author's Preface:

"In writing of Saint Ignatius, I have tried to follow what seemed to me to be the only intellectually honest policy. Private fads I have endeavoured to spare you. But wherever in the record of Saint Ignatius' life I have come across him doing things which we, normal people of England, not only have not to do, but even do not think ourselves under obligation to do, I have tried to discover and to explain why it was that Saint Ignatius did this thing."

Mr. Hollis does not show Ignatius as a Puritan but exposes his devotion to the greater glory of God and his appreciation of the pleasure of being alive in the midst of so much living.

It is natural that highly educated and gifted men coming into the Church in the fullness of their powers, and for the first time making the acquaintance of the saints, who are heroes of God, should wish to teach the beauty of the Christian life. Our present Holy Father has with great vigor claimed the right of the Church to grow, and develop not only extensively in numbers, but also within. This has established the precedent for the new trend in hagiography. Christopher Hollis has largely fulfilled the command of the Pontiff. He has revealed a path to ordinary men and women.

(*To be continued*)

Dog's Best Friend

By Sue Colburn

There he slumps, just a-gaping into space; sometimes he stares at me, then I cock my ear a bit or thump my tail on the hardwood floor so as to kind of cheer him up. But, by golly, there's not much one can do for a feller like that. When he drops to one of them moods, no one, not even me, his best friend from the time he wore short pants, can hoist him out of it.

"Come here, Mugs," he grunts.

So I mosy over to his knees, and lick his long bony hand to let him know that I'm willing and waiting for him to spill his troubles.

"Funny, Mugs, how I've always told you everything—what I see, what I hear, what I feel—and now I can't explain it to anyone, not even you."

I'd been waiting for a break like this ever since getting back home from our three weeks' vacation on Silver Lake. You see, Chet is a pretty regular fellow, always has been, and this recent mooning of his was just a little beyond my reach.

"Mugs," I've just got to get a letter today. It just has to come. She said she'd write. She promised. I made her promise. And here it is thirteen days already, thirteen days of the same no good trash filling up the mail box. How come do you suppose, when she said she'd write? Heck, she said more than that too, but you wouldn't understand Mugs, nobody could."

Well the fog rolls back from my canine brain and I begin to fit the picture together. Must be that I'm getting powerful old not to have gotten the drift of it before. Of course. It's that Medloc girl, Rose Anne Medloc! She was always tagging along with Chet and me up at the lake. She stayed in the cottage next door to Finers', Chet's folks, and me. That butter colored pony-tail of hers was forever a-bobbing right next to Chet's shoulder—on the evening hikes around the lake, the bumpy rides into town, out on the raft, even in the row-boat on the before breakfast fishing jaunts. I kind of liked that girl too, but I guess that was mostly because she always remembered to scratch in just the right spots (behind my floppy ears). Come to think of it, she was usually kind of quiet too, sort of a relief too. Chet never let anything bother him for such a long time before. Why I remember the time when he got the lick'n of his life from Mr. Finer for bringing home two live grass-snakes from the creek under Capitol Drive bridge and putting them in the silverware drawer as a joke on Mrs. F. That was quite a strapping too, yet Chet got over it in just a couple of hours. Then there was the time he took the "puddle-jumper" (that's his fender-less, top-less,

trunk-less, hood-less, but never gut-less, jalopy) to the mountains with three of his fine buddies, me too, on one of those late fall mornings when he should have been in school. But he took his punishment like a man even though it meant weeks of nowhere, with the "puddle-jumper" locked up in the garage. And now, now when he was almost a college freshman, he let some little problem keep him down in the dumps day after day. Oh, I know, I know—"This time it's different" and a poor simple Irish Setter like me is not supposed to understand. But you've got to remember that I've known Chet for a long time, and known his girl troubles too—from the times he used to stand with Janie for minutes at a time, staring into the big glass counter of penny candy down at Burn's grocery store with two grubby coppers sweating it out in the round fist behind his back. Yep, from then right up to the time when he put a square white box, (a "corsage" he told me later) right smack on top of an open dish of left-over spaghetti on the refrigerator. He was pretty embarrassed that night too when his folks fussed and wanted to take a picture of him in his fancy rented tux.

But this Rose Anne, she must be really special. Two weeks and still he's not back to his old self, hasn't even told me about it yet. Well, I lick his hands a couple of more times and then settle down between his size twelve scuffed up shoes. I sit there a while, running my eyes up his lanky levi-covered legs, up the faded maroon of his cordoroy shirt, pausing for a horizontal shift across a pair of startlingly broad shoulders and come to rest on a face that would have inspired Michaelangelo to sharpen up his chisel—a fine square, somewhat fuzzy jaw, sensitive lips, straight narrow nose, high cheek bones, and artfully sloped brow topped with shavings of curly brown hair.

His fingers dig into my neck, the same familiar fingers, but with a kind of urgent pressure. Even with his soft brown eyes looking me square in the face I could feel his thoughts had fled to that wirey tanned frame of bloneness. "So many things—so unexplainable," he mutters.

"Why? Why? It would be so easy for her to just sit down and write even say only one page. I don't care if it's not long, just so she remembers, remembers all the good times we had at the lake. I've never even seen her handwriting except the one time when we were sitting on the beach and she traced my name in the sand with her finger. You know, Mugs, it was as though it were the first time I had ever seen my own name—Chet—carved there in the wet brown sand like part of a coat-of-arms.

"Remember that long strand of hair that would slide down over her forehead when she'd bend her head and how she would just tilt her face upwards and so careless like with her long tanned fingers, smooth it back into place with one gliding motion? And the first time, when you and I rowed in off the lake and she was sitting there

on the edge of the pier, her toes just reaching the water's surface when she stretched? Then how we sat down next to her and the water reached up to my ankles without stretching at all? Funny how we started talking, about nothing in particular, but how she would smile with her eyes whenever I spoke. And how later, sometimes it didn't make any difference whether we talked or not, just as long as she was there beside me when we hiked or swam, ate lunch or rode into town. And the crazy things we did, like the time we got up at 4:30 A.M. in order to be, as she put it, "the first to wake the fish for breakfast." And the time we borrowed bikes from the Dugan kids and rode way out into the country. Mugs, I'll never forget that red scarf around her pony-tail or the way the wind rippled the back of her brown checkered shirt as she coasted down the narrow roads of the long country hills just ahead of me. She couldn't have forgotten, not Rose Anne, not—"

But all this is interrupted by a clattering at the mail box. Chet leaps up, grabs at the small stack of envelopes, pulls out a blue one, and grins, the shiniest grin I've ever seen.

QUOTH THE SPARROW

By Marjorie O'Hanlon Quirk—An Alumna

*Thus said a sparrow to a lark,
Gossiping in a tree-strewn park:
"People are the strangest things—
They have arms in place of wings.
They have lips, and not a beak
Nor even feathers on their cheek.
Instead of singing they must talk
Instead of flying they must walk.
They do not come in varied hues
Of greens and pinks and sky-tone blues.
I would not trade my tree-top bower
For a penthouse or a tower;
Besides that, I am quite content
To live in nests and pay no rent."*

Paradise Isle To Me

By Betty Mae Cabral

*"Hawaii, Hawaii, land of my dreams,
Paradise Isles to me . . ."*

The recorded rhythm of steel guitar music brings me back in spirit to the friendly isles of the Pacific where a great celebration now goes on.

I see the sanctuary lamp glow in that hallowed shrine dedicated to one who gave his life for the Lepers, Damien the Leper.

The candle light of the Vigil casts a warm glow on the bent heads; the faithful, Japanese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Chinese, Koreans, Portuguese, English and Negroes gathered to pray and honor the memory of the late Father Damien de Veuster. Hoarse whispers rise and fall before the statue of Our Lady on her blue pedestal. The strains of religious music, sung in the native Hawaiian, fill the wooden Church and flow out the latticed walls.

"Mea Culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa," hands of the men beat against the wooden smoking pipes in each breast pocket; "mea culpa, mea culpa," feminine palms crackle the shell necklaces. A restless child crawling under the dusty pews, amuses himself with the keys to the automobile.

"Holy God We Praise Thy Name," thunders from the choir loft as the faithful follow the foot-steps of Father Martin and the red-robed altar boys.

As though pulled by a harness, a conglomerate throng files out of the little wooden chapel, heads bent in humble reverence; men in colorful Aloha shirts beneath light gabardines and women in gay silks bought for the occasion. Mothers, still clinging to the medieval idea of keeping their infants well bundled, shock the modern American, as the children swelter beneath woolen covers.

The procession makes its way up the little mountain of Kalaupapa to the shrine. It passes the Immaculate settlement, where the Franciscan sisters pause from their endless task of caring for the lepers, to watch them file past the hau tree, where once Damien spent the night after a tiring day of work, on to the well-kept houses surrounded by gardens of yellow marigolds and wild lantana. They make a slight turn from the modernized paved street to a red-dust road, flanked by stately banana trees bent with heavy fruit; fuschia, mountain-apple blossomed trees; the yellow-fruited guavas, get a note of "ah's" and "oh's" from the children, unmindful of the solemnity of the service. Cool mountain water flows down the green blanketed valley, with its quilted patches of yellow and red blossoms. Brown-breasted Japanese rice birds drop their wings in downward flight to the pools of diamond-studded water, surrounded by a netted carpet of maiden-hair fern.

The line of tall dignified men; tots trudging along, clinging to the skirts of their mothers; children stopping to remove the shoes from their blistering feet wind up the narrow trail. Each individual caressing his gift for the shrine —a plumeria, pikake or gardenia lei, brushes against the taro leaves reaching across the path.

Beneath the pronged hala tree with a few lifeless leaves still clutching, the grey stone monument stands. There is a back-stage prop of red akulequle blossoms, forming a carpet for this drama of devotion. Below the mountain, the Kona winds blowing over the Pacific sigh to the rhythms of the pounding surf against the little peninsula. Like a great silver scythe, the blue sea sweeps up, the silver strokings wide and clean. In its far outer fringes a few gleanings of seaweed and driftwood bob up in due homage. The palm leaves rustle above the congregation kneeling on the mossy green grass surrounding the tomb. The mynah birds in the prickly keawe trees chirp their greetings despite the squabbling of the other members of their society. As the last members of the procession reach the tomb, the choir arranges itself in a semicircle and begin the hymn composed in honor of Damien, "Damien Our Beloved Servant of God." Father Martin comes forth, addressing the group in his deep tenor voice. Kneeling, he asks the others to follow in the recitation of the rosary. In gratitude and love the people are gathered today, to honor Damien the Leper. In spirit I too, will take my place and drape my lei of love. The Panama hats tilt slightly with the breeze. The reverberating mountains and peaceful waterfalls, reecho the Hail Mary's of the Rosary. The same breeze vibrating the eucalyptus trees beneath my window, here in the sunny land of California, will pick each mystical petal of the Rose dedicated to Mary. As the last "Glory Be to the Father," is finished everyone leaves the monument.

Retracing their steps, the group marches down the path to the Social Hall, where I shall join you for the celebration and feast. Within the latticed social hall, nature's tablecloth of ti leaves, and strewn hibiscus petals and fern, cover the makeshift table, where the wares of days of preparation are displayed. I see the koa pig board, filled with steaming pork. I enjoy the aroma of steaming sweet potatoes, baked bananas, kulolo and haupia. As I take my place at the table. I shall join with Father Martin in saying grace, which means that the feast has now begun. With lifted coconut shell cups, filled with okolehau, we offer a toast to the memory of Father Damien and the health of all gathered there. Before me, there is a bowl of poi, a piece of steaming hot pig, a sweet potato in the jacket, a banana and a piece of chicken and fish all of which have been cooked in the imu, wrapped in ti leaves. There is a cold dish of lomi-lomi salmon, made of raw salmon, fresh tomatoes, onions and cucumber. Next is a bowl of chicken luau, which is stewed chicken covered with cooked taro leaves. In the middle is a centerpiece of bananas, oranges, watermelon and elaborately

carved pineapples. As I sit at the table, I unexpectedly find a lei of carnations around my neck and a kiss of welcome on my cheek.

The heat and exercise of walking the long trail have given all tremendous appetites, as witnessed by the quietness when food is served. Dark-fingers, brown fingers and gardenia-white reach out across the table. Fingers dip into koa bowls for a gulp-full of poi. All during the feast everyone remains quiet except for the giggling of children at a distant table, as they compare the color and size of each one's artificial soda-pop mustache.

The strains of steel guitar music break the silence. After each one has had his fill and retires to the floor, the entertainment begins. Musicians and hula dancers in aqua kikepas (sarongs) with orange velvet akulekule leis around their necks, wrists, and ankles, come out with their kanakapila. The dancers sway to the tune of *Kahoolawe*, each motion of fingers, hands and hips telling the story of the smallest island of the group with the longest name.

Father Martin amidst applause, reluctantly yet good naturedly consents to doing his famous comic hula, "Manuela Boy." Father has the same grace and interpretative poise as he dances the story of a lazy boy. A dearly loved number is on the program next, when little tots scarcely four years old, dressed in Old Mother Hubbard mumuus, kedchiefs around their shoulders and wearing old coconut hats come on stage to do their number "Tutu Ei." Their miniature motions tell the story of a grandmother and her trip into town, where she has had a little too much celebrating. Proud parents sit, nudging each other. The tots smile shyly in recognition of their parents. Throughout the evening everyone joins in the merry-making.

I remember that bird dance I did last year, when I made my hands point up in the shape of a mountain instead of a bird.

With the singing of the Hawaiian National Anthem, "Hawaii Ponoi," all start to leave the hall and make their way to the near-by parked automobiles. The memory of a wonderful time lives on and looks forward to next year's celebration.

As the wooden gates close, *Aloha Oe* hums over the road to Kanakakai. The steel guitar music is still audible over the bend toward the little peninsula,

*"Hawaii, Hawaii, land of my dreams,
Paradise Isles to Me
I love your mountains and valleys,
Fascinating Waikiki
Where loving hearts
Find bliss and joy,
Your fragrant flowers
This message brings,
Aloha Nui Oe, Aloha Nui Oe."*

Aloha Nui Loa to all on Molokai, from your Kamaaina in Sunny California.

No Miracle Today

By Sister Mary Jean, C.S.J.

"Bah! Look at them. Sweating, dusty, swarming vermin of the earth." The full lips curled into a snarl of abhorrence.

"I wouldn't call that group 'vermin,' exactly," the shorter, stockier of the two men ground out between his gleaming teeth as he nodded toward a number of American pilgrims.

"Phhht!" The somnulent lidded eyes narrowed still more. "That's the only reason this place hasn't been burned out of its filthy existence. I tell you, Joe, it's the only reason."

"You always did have an eye for business, Tony." Jose Silva looked up appraisingly at the bulky face of his ostentatiously successful companion.

"Sure, eye, ear, nose for business, Joe. Look! Look at that now. Dupes! Ignoramuses! Antonio Gomez pointed to the sick enclosure. There they lie, month after month, waiting to be cured." There was an ugly inflection on the last word.

"I've heard some of them are."

Antonio jostled the crowding figures around him to turn belligerently toward his friend.

"Yeah—yeah—you've heard. Everybody's heard. Hearsay! Old women's tales! What do you think I come here for in this stinking mess of paupers, but just to prove this is all a farce. I've never seen a miracle yet. I never will, and neither will you. There never was a miracle here, and there won't be any miracle today, either."

Gomez blew his heavy nose forcibly and mopped his glistening face.

"You're so convinced of it, I don't see why you have to come out here for proof. Hell!"

There was a shifting in the crowd immediately around the two Portuguese gentlemen, and Jose had to shoulder and elbow his way to keep next to his companion.

"It isn't just for proof, my friend. I feel it is in the interest of the—er—party, that if anything should happen, someone would be here to relate it honestly and to make certain that any publicity would be—a—correctly interpreted. Damnable job!"

"Damnable hot to have invited me along, today. And look at those fools, the sweat pouring down their cheeks like tears. You know, with some of them, I do think it is tears, at that!" The incredulity of the breathy voice piqued the mounting annoyance of Senor Gomez.

"You think! I know! That's all they come here for—Emotionalism. But what can you expect when they've been born and brewed in the sentimentalities and foppishness of Catholicism. Why, if your

wise old mother and mine hadn't been enlightened, you and I might even be drooling around with the worst of these idiots. Hah, my friend, Jose?"

Antonio's voice protruded from the suddenly hushed murmuring of the crowd, and if a few eyebrows were raised in his direction, they were immediately turned away, for the attention of the throng was drawn to a far spot where the statue of Our Lady of Fatima was beginning her slow procession from the Chapel of the Apparitions to be placed at the left hand side of the High Altar at the Basilica.

"The rich Americans—Ah, their money is good for Portugal."

"The French—over there—with their 'la laing.'"

"The Italians—what do they come here for? Why don't they stay at home and play around their 'Papa's' house?"

"The English—so reserved. You wouldn't think they'd fall for this!"

"More Americans! Look at that one! Probably one of their stars from that—that Hollywood."

"You can tell she's no driveler. Her face is like an alabaster mask."

Mrs. Robert Thorton Travis, nee Arline Downey, of the alabaster face, was hot. And she was bored. And she was also becoming more vexed with each nudge of the crowd. Impatiently, she smoothed the chestnut curls under the smart green hat that so keenly accentuated the jade of her eyes. The more she pursed her delicate rose-bud mouth, the more it became her finely rounded face.

"Mommie! Mommie! Here she comes!"

"Sh—What have I told you about raising your voice in public. Annette, will you please tend more carefully to Thorton."

"Yes, Ma'am. But it is so—so thrilling."

"This mulling rabble is certainly not thrilling to me! I don't know what Mr. Travis was thinking of when he insisted we visit Fatima."

"Daddy said Our Lady wants us to come here and pray, and she'll bless us for coming."

Mrs. Travis closed her eyes in expression of her utter exhaustion. It was sweet of Robert to have sent her and Thorton to Europe, even though he was too busy to join them. Of course she had had to really insist on Annette. Imagine his expecting her to cope with a six year old boy on a trip. He had such quaint ideas about mothers being the only ones to care for their children, anyway. But this! He had talked so much about Fatima, and had promised Thorton she'd bring him. Arlene opened her eyes. She caught her breath. Everyone, everyone in that great multitude was waving a snowy white handkerchief to Our Lady. It was like the billowy train of a gigantic bridal veil, or a frothy sea. Lamely she fumbled in her bag and handed the breathless boy a frilly speck of white.

He beamed his gratitude, but never once took his eyes from the statue, when suddenly he turned to his mother and whispered,

"If we ask real hard, will she give it to us?"

"I suppose so, darling. What on earth do you want so badly? I really think you have everything a little boy could wish for."

"Oh no, Mommie," Thorton's voice rose in a scale of excitement, "I want a baby brother more than anything in the world. Will Our Lady give me one if I pray real hard?"

The blood darted to Arlene's cheeks, and she bit her lower lip fiercely. Against her will, she glanced around to see if anyone had turned to look at her. She took hold of his arm and squeezed it until she knew it hurt, but he didn't even whimper. Annette must have sensed her reaction, for she put her uniformed arm about his shoulders and drew him closer to her. Arlene tried to formulate a rebuke, an icy statement to remind Annette of her charge, but words would not come. The statue was closer now. Gradually she released her hold on Thorton's arm. She wiped beads of perspiration from her forehead. Her eyes burned with the glare more than ever. The aroma of mingled sweat was nauseating.

Arlene looked up, and the statue was there. Our Lady of Fatima was looking down on all her children. Her face was exquisite. It suddenly ceased to be stone, and softened in a beautiful expression of love—of love grown rich in sacrifice. Hers was the face of a mother. But she was beautiful. Arlene felt a scalding wetness fill her eyes. This was beauty, too. Not her meticulously groomed beauty, but a warm, pulsating beauty. Motherhood would not mean a farewell to loveliness, only a transformation to another kind of loveliness. The humiliation burned into shame. Thorton was here only as a last measure against divorce. She loved his father, but Robert had wanted children. "If I lose my looks, I'll lose him," she had argued with herself. There was always that possibility to haunt her. "I must keep myself young, active, smart."

Our Lady was past, now. Arlene felt an irresistible desire to look upon that face again, but there was a movement in the crowd. "Oh Mother of God, help me!" It was the most sincere prayer Arlene had uttered since she had been so securely married.

Hurriedly she daubed her eyes, but she forgot to smooth her curls because Thornton was hugging her, and she was saying, "Yes, my son, I am sure Our Blessed Mother will answer our prayers."

Jose nudged the muttering Antonio. "Look at her now. Even the beautiful American seems touched!"

"So! I tell you! They all lose their heads—over nothing!"

"Santa Maria, how the boy hugs her! She is even more beautiful when she looks at him. You would think a women of her type would . . ."

Jose's words were smothered in the dust streaked handkerchief with which he was mopping his face for the sixteenth time.

Senors Gomez and Silva were pushed along in the surging crowd. Antonio turned back to sneer at the panting Jose, "Now we shall

see. Now we shall await a miracle. Watch how many of these decrepits will get up and march off. Hah! Not one of them!"

"I see there are plenty of physicians with them. They'd have to be pretty smart to put one over on those vultures when it would mean a cessation of their fees. They wouldn't let God Himself cheat them out of business!"

"They won't have to worry. The fuss is even worse after the service is over, and some decked-out clergyman carries the bread through."

"The Sacrament?"

"How would I know what they'd call it. I told you my mother was enlightened. I've just heard they think that piece of bread is God Almighty. And they adore it! Think of it, man. What nonsense! I am surprised you even know the name of such foolishness."

"I—I heard it once." Jose's silver brows wrinkled into a frown. "Why the devil can't this mob stand still?"

"It might be worse to just stand. There's an opening. Look at those miserable specimens. Most of them too poor to go to a doctor. Guess that's why they get caught up with this."

"Almost every one of them in black. At least our Portuguese paupers have good taste. It would be more disgusting than ever to have them running around in gaudy rags."

"No brains, no money. They always go together. Take that wretch, for instance. His head twisted, his body screwed up, his legs rotting under him, his hands twitching. What an exhibition of humanity!"

"Hell! And all his misery summed up in his face."

Paulo Rosa's face did reflect his misery. But it reflected more than his physical wretchedness. It was etched with the whole story of his pain and hope, when he still had hope. He had counted on God's help, and God had disappointed him. He had trusted in Mary's aid, and Mary had left him gnarled and twisted as ever—worse than ever, because his mind had taken on the same warped pattern of his body.

The years had only deepened this grotesque deformity, and it was all there, inscribed in the hard lines and the cynical eyes. He was huddled there, in the same spot, as often as he could get some pitying person to cope with his disordered body to transport him there. He had fooled them, every one of them. They thought he came year after year, still in hope. Only he and God, (if there was a God), and his retinue knew why he came. To sit and leer as they passed—the Mother of God and God, Himself.

"You couldn't do it," he'd jibe at them. "Or you wouldn't, maybe. I'm just not good enough for one of your miracles, eh? Well, look at me now, what You made, God. Pretty job, eh? Hah-hah!"

Only one thing spoiled Paulo's pleasure. One insignificant little remnant of something that had been Paulo. He could not bring himself to look at the Mother of God or at the Monstrance as it passed. No, he could utter all his deprecations with lowered eyes, but he

could not make himself look upon them. Someday, he promised himself, someday he would overcome this dastardly weakness in himself. He would look them straight in the eye and say what he thought, maybe even say it aloud. And today, that day had come. The pain had been growing sharper. The body had felt even more cramped. He would have to force his courage before the end came. Today he would look straight at the Mother of God, as she passed before him—a— stone statue that could move better than he.

Paulo's heart pounded against his crooked ribs, and with an effort that forced the blood to his temples, Paulo looked up, straight into the face of Mary.

But her face! It was not beautiful. It was not of smooth stone. He was not sure it was of stone at all. It was distorted with grief—pain wracked—wet with tears. Mother of God! Such suffering! Doubt, physical discomfort, disappointment, alarm, loneliness, fear of guilt, greater loneliness, sorrow, compassion that could not alleviate, lifelong sword thrusts. Mater Dolorosa! And then Paulo was weeping. And when at last the tears flowed no more, the hardness of the lines was softened, and the cynical eyes glowed in understanding, and the warped mind relaxed into acceptance.

The Fatima sun was merciless. Jose fingered the damp silver crown of his head and stared around at the seething multitude. For all of this, he still had not gotten a good look at this famous statue, passing along in colorful procession. He wormed his way past the purple countenanced Antonio, and suddenly found himself wishing for a sycamore tree—he and Zaccheus. Almost sheepishly he glanced back at Antonio. What a surprise that civil official would have gotten if he ever guessed that Jose even knew about Zaccheus and the sycamore. Ah yes, he had been surprised about his knowing the bread was called the Sacrament. You would be still more amazed, my honorable friend, if you knew exactly how much I do know—or used to know—or know and used to believe.

And then Jose raised his eyes and saw the look she gave him. Impossible! And yet there was no question about it in his mind. She had looked at him, and all he could think of was a look her Son had given to Peter. That look had saved Peter from the fate of Judas. Jose Silva fought back the tears that threatened to overflow.

"This is terrible! Worse today than it's ever been!"

Antonio's voice sounded as though it came from another world. "Let's get out of here, quick. Right through there!"

It was a long walk to the cars, dusty, shadeless, scorching. Antonio was breathing heavily.

"You see, Jose. I told you," he broke the silence. "You would see no miracle today."

Softly Jose repeated, "No miracle today."

Of course Antonio was mistaken, but it had sounded almost like a question.

The Protection of Birds by Man and Nature

By Peggy Cosgrave

"If, walking along, you chance upon a bird's nest with young birds in it, in any tree or on the ground, and the mother bird is sitting on them, you shall not take away the mother bird along with her brood; you shall let her go, although you may take her brood away." (Deuteronomy 22:6-7.)

Here we have the first recorded law for bird protection. Throughout history we find records of laws pertaining to protection of birds. In ancient Egypt and India the ibis and hoops were held sacred and could not be harmed. Of course, this did not protect the other birds. The first actual protective law for a group of birds was given in the interest of sports. In the feudal age, game birds became the exclusive property of the nobleman. He could hunt them for sport or food. To sum up the history of bird protection, G. I. Hartley, an American writer, has aptly said, "For two thousand years, the birds of Europe were considered the property of anyone who desired to take them. Only gamebirds were vouchsafed any protection, and they were reserved for slaughter by persons of rank." Only in comparatively recent times has man recognized the need to pass and enforce laws to protect birds for the right motives—for their beauty, for their help to man, for the wise use of them as food, for the pleasure they can give to men who seek it in nature and her store of treasures; in other words, for their esthetic and economic values.

With the coming of man into this world it is a wonder that so many species of birds are still existing. Man has long killed them for food caring little for destroying the species or not. He has killed them sometimes for the mere sport. The answer to their preservation has been God. He has given them, weak as some are, various form of self-protection. It is time now for man to join nature in preserving these creatures of God. This paper will therefore be divided into two parts:

What man has done and is doing to protect birds;

What means nature uses to protect birds.

For some years now, man has recognized the need to protect animals and plants. Consequently, numerous bird societies have been formed for this protection. G. O. Shields, in an introduction to a book written in 1904, points out the danger even then of the decreasing species: "Bird life is disappearing from the United States and Canada at so alarming a rate I sometimes feel it is wrong, at this day and age of the world, to encourage the hunting and shooting of birds of any kind." At that date, W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Society, had collected statistics showing that the decrease of birds within the past *fifteen* years had averaged

over *forty per cent*! Several species had already become extinct, and others were rapidly nearing that point. He mentioned the wild turkey as an example, which was so plentiful during the first years of this country's existence.

A most pointless danger came to birds through the nation's fashions. With the roaring twenties came the desire for "showiness" in dress. The designers called for beautiful plumage to decorate the woman's hat. Ostriches had more to hide than their heads! Some of the plumes of tropical birds sold as high as \$14.00 an ounce.

These are only a few of the reasons necessitating bird protection. There are others, though, that should be mentioned in order to determine how to counteract this destruction in the best way.

The most unnecessary reason is the reckless and ignorant destruction of these creatures as well as of their nests. The commercial destruction of some birds for the market is necessary, but measures should be taken to safeguard the extinction of these birds (such as they have done for fish through the fish hatcheries). As I mentioned before, the trade in ornamental plumage offers a destruction which is shocking in its pointlessness. If fashion dictates a feather in the hat, synthetic ones should be produced. Another reason is the inordinate collecting of skins and eggs, especially of rare species. During the past few decades, the increase of towns and population, which necessitates draining of marshes, the cutting down of trees, etc., presents another danger to birds. Most of these reasons could be safely combatted if man would use moderation as his guiding rule. Most bird lovers do not advocate the outlawing of sports if it is done with common sense.

What prompts man to kill for no reason at all? This is the question asked by Ralph W. Stark. He has written an article for the AUDUBON MAGAZINE aptly titled "*September Tragedy*."

Late September's sun was but an hour from setting and already the big burr oak tree near the footbridge had cast a long shadow over the waters of the little stream as far as the bend. It was a Sunday evening and my family and I, enjoying a leisurely stroll in the grove of gnarled oaks and lightning-scarred walnut trees, approached the small wooden bridge spanning the creek. As I stepped upon the bridge, I caught a glimpse of white against the blackness of the shadowed water. Lifting my hand to my companions, I took a second look.

There, not more than a hundred feet upstream, with its back to us, poised an American egret, statuesque in all its glory of snowy white feathers, glistening black legs and gleaming yellow bill. It was the first one that I had seen in central Indiana. We seated ourselves quietly on the bridge planking and for half-an-hour, until it was hidden from view by the high bank at the turn of the

stream, we watched this bird fish for its evening meal, apparently unaware of our presence.

Surely no other living thing stalked its prey with more caution than did this great egret that moved forward, step by step, with great slowness and deliberation. So painstakingly did it raise each foot from the water, place it forward and in again, that the tall white bird made not the slightest ripple on the surface. While it moved forward, it turned its head from side to side, peered intently at the water and occasionally stabbed the surface with a lightning-like oblique movement. Each stroke brought it some choice tidbit, especially relished, I presumed, by egrets. Try as hard as I could, I was unable to see whether the bird was catching small minnows or crayfish, but I surmised it was dining on minnows as the stream was teeming with them.

At no time did the egret show that it was aware of our presence. Undisturbed and unalarmed, it continued in the pursuit of its "daily bread" until it rounded the bend of the stream and was hidden from our sight. Turning to leave, I voiced a prayer for the safety of a creature of such matchless beauty, and longed that it might make the flight to join its fellows in the marshes of the warm southlands in safety and without mishap.

My well-wishing was of no avail. Two days following, I found a welter of snowy white feathers, with the glistening black legs protruding from beneath. The gleaming yellow bill, the shapely head and long neck were folded back over the body which lay along the fence skirting the stream, only a few hundred yards from where I had seen the bird the previous Sunday.

I have since wondered many times what was in the heart of the hunter, if he had a heart, as he leveled his gun at the wholly harmless and inoffensive sojourner in our land. And I have wondered, too, if the hunter, when he carried the body from the creek and threw it by the fence, did not have a moment of shame for the criminality and utter futility of his act.

G. O. Shields offers his solution to the sportsman: "The time has come when the camera should take the place of the gun. A true sportsman would find more pleasure in possessing a photograph of a still-living bird, than his mounted skin."

I have tried to cover the points recognized as reasons for promoting bird protection. Let us now look to man's constructive rather than destructive action regarding birds. Among the long-established societies in the United States is the League of American Sportsmen which has done a great deal to preserve wildlife in general. The National Audubon Society, founded in fairly recent times, has done much in helping to protect birds. In most copies of the *AUDUBON MAGAZINE*, which the latter society sponsors, there is an article by the president of this society. John H. Baker is now serving in that office. He reports on all the legislative action regarding bird pro-

tection. He gives news of what other countries have been doing along this line, and he reports on the various bird sanctuaries, state parks, and so forth.

I mentioned bird sanctuaries above, and perhaps you would be interested in knowing what they are. The one I have chosen as an example is appropriate because it is in the Los Angeles area. The author of the magazine article, "Big City Sanctuary," Helen Gere Cruickshank, tells of the San Gabriel River Wildlife Sanctuary.

. . . early one warm gray morning he (her husband) watched for an opening and slip into an endless six-strand chain of traffic moving rapidly, half west, half east. The roar of speeding motors and the monotony of the endless succession of city streets discouraged conversation so it was almost a shock when a sudden turn took us from the racing car and gas fumes. In little more than a block where the sound of traffic dulled to a muffled hum, we stopped by a sign: San Gabriel River Wildlife Sanctuary—National Audubon Society.

The city was forgotten when we went through the gate and walked between native flowers and under a grove of trees to the museum. Flocks of sparrows and finches with a sprinkling of less common species fed and bathed in the places provided for them. Back of the museum were the warden's house, rest rooms and a picnic area, all within seven acres owned outright by the National Audubon Society. These form the nerve center for a program which spreads over many areas of leased sanctuary land where typical Sonoran life blends gradually into an Upper Sonoran Zone. It is an area of irreplaceable value unchanged as long as records exist for it. Thus it forms a unique page of California history both from a natural and a conservation angle.

Here plants and animals are left to nature. There is both underground water and open water. Soil erosion is left to itself. At the time of the article, Mrs. Alma Stultz and Mrs. Gertrude Woods were in charge. They were conducting a tour of elementary-grade children on the particular visit of the author. The latter was amazed to find out that the two sanctuary directors had carefully worked out plans and given them to the teacher before the expedition started. In this way, the children had an idea of what to look for, and could better appreciate the practical and actual experience of what they had studied. The National Audubon Society aims to "reach as wide a public as possible and awaken it to the immediate need for conservation of soil, water, plants, and wildlife and the relation of such conservation to our welfare."

Mrs. Marguerite Angelo Smelser reports on another bird haven near here. It is composed of three hundred acres of woods along Warm Creek next to San Bernadino City (near the site of the famous annual National Orange Show). Until 1950, this place had been used by any person for whatever purpose he desired. But through the

efforts of two women of San Bernadino, they finally got enough support from the city officials to lease this land and make a wild-life refuge out of it. The author's husband is a warden here, and their house is situated on a cliff overlooking the entire refuge. Mrs. Smelser says, "A wildlife refuge at your doorstep affords a thousand delights—and a few disadvantages. For instance, your friends the opossums and raccoons won't "stay put" down in the sanctuary provided for them, but nightly climb the trail to your backyard fruits. And like Goldilocks, they sample several before finding the tidbit to tickle the royal taste. But in payment they leave cute little footprints in the garden paths; in the rays of your flashlight Mr. Possum will "freeze" obligingly on the garden fence where you can admire him and even touch his shaggy coat if you like."

There are more than eighty species of birds living in or visiting Warm Creek Wildlife Refuge at one season or another. There will be a bevy of California quail on the ground, spotted towhees in the bushes, sapsuckers in the treetops, a hawk sailing overhead, and perhaps a kingfisher swooping down on his fishful quest. Snowy and American egrets feed in Warm Creek, and use the refuge trees as a hostelry during the winter and early spring. They get ideas of bed early in the evening, and can be seen circling, each into his niche for the night. Bird watchers often come to the writer's second-floor sundeck to see the egrets check in. It makes a lovely sight—their snowy whiteness outlined against the dark trees.

There are birds of all sizes in the refuge, from hummingbirds to the big blue herons. There are birds of contrasting habitats: besides the ducks, coots, herons and red-winged blackbirds in the stream and among the cattails, there is, in the open dry spaces, an occasional roadrunner, that famous ground cuckoo of the southwestern deserts. If you don't glimpse this ungainly speedster, you may at least see the track of his strange feet, two toes in front and two behind.

One can readily see the good these "living museums" are doing not only as a refuge for birds and wildlife, but also for the education of children and adults; also to provide a place for biologists to study plants and animals and to do research work. The National Audubon Society is to be complimented for the work it has done to further these projects.

Let us go out of the United States proper and visit the Bahama Islands. An interesting project is going on there concerning one of the most beautiful and graceful of birds—the Flamingo. A Society for the protection of the Flamingo has been recently formed. This society is doing much to preserve these birds which are so commonly connected with the brilliance of the semi-tropical and tropical wild-life. They have provided warden service including equipment and supervision to protect the colonies on the islands, Inagua, Alaco, and Andros.

Besides bird sanctuaries, there are many public parks that are doing a fine job in presenting wildlife to the public. But usually, although the birds and animals are well cared for, a park is not such an ideal place for them as are the bird sanctuaries, because of the lack of freedom they give them. However, the national parks offer more freedom than do the city parks. They also provide rangers to protect them from harm from man, from starvation, and from diseases.

A report on two captive whooping cranes illustrates the relatively good environment provided for captive animals by city parks. In New Orleans a 300 by 300 foot enclosure was finished in March, 1952. The two cranes, Crip and Jo, had most of the "comfort of home." Their enclosure was hidden from public view; it was surrounded by a wire fence, and even sported a pool of running water 10 by 10 feet in size. This provided a place for the cranes to wash their food, as is commonly done by this species. Their diet consisted of raw soft-shelled crabs, live crawfish, raw shrimp, and a teaspoonful a day of wheat germ oil. Although they were given the best care man could think of, they failed to nest successfully that spring. The advantages of the bird sanctuary above those of the park are easily seen. But the work that the parks do in educating people and giving them an appreciation of nature on a small scale must not be overlooked.

Now that we have looked into a few of the tremendous number of projects and activities of some of the nature and wildlife preservation societies, let us examine an even smaller scale to give credit to the individual wardens whose work is often underestimated. We can look to the AUDUBON MAGAZINE again for a fitting example illustrating the dangers a warden subjects himself to.

That our wardens are today in danger, and guard bird rookeries at risk of personal injury, may surprise many of our members, but it is true, as evidenced by a recent event at the Duck Rock Sanctuary on the southwest Florida coast, below the town of Everglades. There Henry P. Bennett, who was assistant leader of our Audubon Wildlife Tours into the Everglades National Park area last winter and spring, has been on the job as warden since April. This week a long night-letter telegram came to the Audubon House reading, in part, as follows: "On Saturday, August 11, 6:15 P.M., caught three men from Chokoloskee after they fired on birds at Duck Rock, killing three and wounding one white ibis. Birds are not in their possession but I retrieved them from under mangroves. They did not have time to pick up their kill. This evidence taken from my boat without my permission when party came aboard, making several attempts to start fight, striking me three times, with no injury because I was able to protect myself. Two men were intoxicated, the other a young boy." In a following letter, Bennett reports one of the men saying: "If you take this case into court I'll tell everyone you have been drinking on the job." "That did not

faze me," Bennett says in his letter, "because I did not care what happened to me—I had a job to do and I told him so. He thought that over and came back with the statement that I was flirting with his wife and was going to turn him in for spite. He kept talking about my flirting with his wife so much that he began to believe it and swung at me but missed, for it was a haymaker that could be seen coming from a mile off.

There were several attempts to strike me in the face with his fist. Three glancing blows did get to me, catching me behind the ear, on the nose and just above the eyes. The other man all this time was trying to keep him away from me but he was in no condition to hold him back completely."

In the long run, it is up to the individual to continue to protect birds and other wildlife. A few will join and actively participate in the societies, but most aid will be given by the combined efforts of millions of persons who love birds and animals and appreciate their value. And the many ways in which this average type can aid—their vote can help pass a legislative action on the part of Congress; a mother's guidance in the rearing of her children to love these animals for their Creator's sake; and many other ways. To mention another, the more ambitious person can get a lot of satisfaction by building a bird home. Take for example Mr. Laurel Van Camp. He is the Ottawa County Game Protector for the state of Ohio. He became concerned about the increasing scarcity of the wood duck. Their nests are built only in hollow trees near ponds and forest-covered streams. Thus, their potential homes are often chopped down to be used as lumber, etc., as soon as the hole is noticed by men. Within the past twenty-five years they have slowly increased, but their number is still dangerously close to extinction.

Mr. Van Camp started building nests for them out of wood ten years ago. Since then he has built two hundred nests. The trouble is that only thirty per cent of these are used by birds, the rest being occupied by rabbits and other small animals. If many individuals or groups would build these nests, too, it would give the wood duck the opportunity to come back in real strength.

Thus we have touched upon some of the ways man can help to protect birds: individually; through societies; through bird sanctuaries; through maintenance of parks and national forests; through the enforcement of bird protective laws; through a better concept of the sportsman.

Now let us look to the birds themselves. Surely nature would not leave them to defend themselves with no weapons. The ability to fly is, of course, a main means of escape from an animal or enemy. Speed is another asset possessed by many birds, but it was necessary for nature to equip them for defense while securing food, raising their young, resting, etc. This she often does by the familiar trick used during the wars—camouflage.

The bird who is protected by a natural camouflage is in less danger when it is awake and active. Its greatest need for color safety comes when it must rest or sleep or care for its young. This last point explains why it is that the female of so many kinds of birds wears a very plain dress while her mate is gaudily feathered. The mother must sit steadily on her nest, where she could quickly be seen and pounced upon by some prowling killer. How much more necessary it is for the bird whose nest is on the open ground to have protective coloration. Take for instance the killdeer. Not only does the mottled back of the sitting mother blend with the earth and weeds about her, but even her brown eggs are almost invisible, when exposed in her absence.

Nature uses a principle of art in its oppositeness to protect her birds. Artists have long known how to make objects stand out on the canvas by shading the under side to imitate a shadow thrown by a solid figure. The artist-naturalist Abbott Thayer has pointed out how the exact opposite of this principle is applied to animals and fish. By coloration of *lighter* shades of their underparts, they are made more inconspicuous. This lighter coloration is in exact proportion to the amount of shade received. This principle is called "countershading."

Another effect used by nature is called "ruptive marks." They consist usually of two or three conspicuous black and white stripes parallel to one another. For example, the black bands across the white breast of the killdeer and the white ring around its neck seem to cut off its head, or to break up the bird in several pieces. The enemy is thus attracted to some *part* of the bird rather than to it as a whole.

Another protective measure of some birds is accomplished by "flash colors," or "banner marks." For example, the white rump of the flicker can be concealed or displayed at will. It draws the attention of an enemy, such as a hawk, who may spot the white flash as the flicker is flying, but becomes confused and loses his prey as the flicker hides it after alighting.

We have seen how man has joined nature to protect the birds of this world. The purpose of this paper is to stimulate our readers to better appreciate the birds and to help further the protective measures that will be tried in the future. Those of us who plan on a teaching vocation have an excellent opportunity to instill a love of birds and of God's other creatures in our pupils. I might venture to say that it is more than an opportunity—it is a duty.

ED. NOTE.—The policy of INTER NOS does not permit inclusion of bibliographies; but it may be of interest to our readers to learn outstanding source material for this paper, viz., Audubon Magazine, Nature Magazine, NALTZE BLAUCHAU, *Birds that Hunt and are Hunted*, Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia and Encyclopedia Britannica.

Scenes from Our Lady's Life

By Sister M. Dolorosa

I

THE DEATH OF JOSEPH

"He was subject to them." Five short words from the brief record of the life of Christ during eighteen years. Yet, those were the attractive years, when the growing boy imperceptibly became the sturdy perfect epitome of manhood—the prop of Joseph's advancing age—the joy of Mary's life.

Even though He lived hidden and unknown in the little village of His choice, His influence must have been deeply felt by young and old, when He visited the poor and sick in company with His mother, bringing food from their meagre store, and simple natural remedies for ailing bodies and souls. The time for His miracles had not yet come. Yet his Divine presence acted as a heavenly balm. Gradually taking upon Himself more of Joseph's work, he relieves His foster father of the burden of supporting the little family, for Joseph's strength begins to fail. Anxiously Mary watches him growing weaker. She increases her care and loving solicitude, but Joseph's call has come. He must leave his earthly Paradise—his cherished Foster Son and Virgin spouse. A sacrifice indeed!

Finally the day dawns when he can not rise from his poor pallet. Seeing the approach of death, Mary kneels close by his side clasping his cold hands, while Jesus raises Joseph's head so that it rests confidently on his Son's breast. Together they pray, awaiting the angel of Death. There is no need for a dying father's last instructions to his own. He knows that he is leaving Mary in the loving care of Jesus, as in peace he breathes forth his spotless soul.

Sadly the Son and mother close those gentle eyes, fold those work worn hands and prepare that honored body for burial. Relatives gather and the ritual of Jewish mourning is piously fulfilled. Joseph rests in his tomb. Jesus and Mary return to their home, made lonely by a vacant place.

One likes to think that Joseph's precious sinless body was raised up in union with his soul, after Jesus had unbarred the gates of Heaven. The Church has not spoken, but neither early nor late tradition notes the existence of any first class relics of the foster father of the Lord.

The body of the first Pontiff lies in state, the world's greatest basilica his monument; the body of Joseph, Spouse of Heaven's Queen, Guardian of God's Son. Where does it rest? We hope that even now it rejoices in Heaven, glorified with Jesus and Mary in body and soul.

II

THE PARTING

The words of Mary, "Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing" contain the last biblical reference to St. Joseph. As his vocation was to guard and support the Child and His mother, we may suppose that his death did not occur until Jesus had grown to manhood, but probably before the days of the Savior's public ministry. In that period we read of visits from His mother and relatives. Joseph was not among those mentioned.

As Jesus approaches His thirtieth year, He strengthens His mother's heart for the trial of separation, which she soon must bear. Precious now each fleeting moment in His company; each word and gesture daily grows more dear.

Finally the dreaded moment comes, and Mary's Son, renouncing the holy joy of their hidden life, leaves His loved sanctuary to give Himself wholly to a cold indifferent world, where even His choicest gifts will not be welcome.—A moment of farewell, then the mother watches that dear One (beautiful above the children of men), as He goes away from her and home. He does not look back,—too soon He is hidden from her sight. Mary kneels, her heart breaking with sorrow. She bows her head. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy Word."

III

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS

Toward sunset of the third day following the departure of her Son, Mary sees John Mark, one of the village boys, coming toward the garden hedge. He is a grandchild of Jona, the fisherman, and neighbor to Jesus and Mary. Touching the curly head with gentle caress, she smiles into the glowing boyish face, eager with its news. John Mark, sensing the loneliness of Mary's heart, comes to tell her that he has seen Jesus. They met at Jordan's ford, where throngs were gathering to listen to John, that shaggy-bearded man in camel skin, of whom the little Nazarene is still a bit afraid. Curiosity led him to the bank of the river to hear the fearless preacher, who rebuked and advised alike, high and low, rich and poor. He even dared to tell the soldiers how they should behave. They must be content with their pay.

The crowd parts as a figure approaches the bank. The boy sees that it is Jesus, his friend, who enters the stream. The Baptist whispers, "I ought to be baptised by Thee," and Jesus answers, "Suffer it." Then John filling a hollow shell with water pours it on Jesus' head. At that moment a clap of thunder sounds with startling nearness, though the sky is blue.

Returning next day to the river, the boy hears John telling his

disciples that as he baptized Jesus a dove descended over His head and a voice from heaven declared, "This is my beloved Son." No one else had seen, nor heard anything, except the clap of thunder. Suddenly John sees Jesus coming, and cries out, for all to hear, "Behold the Lamb of God."

At these words, two fishermen, John, the son of Zebedee, and Andrew, son of Jona, hurried after Jesus, as he turned toward the rocky way leading to the desert. John Mark wished to follow them, but already he had delayed some errands for his mother.

Gratefully Mary presses the hand of the warm hearted young boy, who remembers her aloneness. Suddenly his eyes grow wide with wonder. "Why did John call Jesus the Lamb of God? God's lambs are those prepared for the Pasch." Mary answers that someday Jesus will explain to him the scriptures concerning the lamb and the Messiah.

Night is falling as the lad crosses the garden separating Mary's cottage from his home. She thanks him from the doorway as he waves goodbye, promising to come soon again.

Reverently she ponders while Simeon's sword turns in her heart. The prophet Isaias has written, "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer."

III

THE WEDDING FEAST

Forty days have now passed since Jesus left Nazareth to be about His Father's business. In every moment of that time Mary, though deprived of the joy of the sensible presence of her Son, was united to Him in heart and soul. Report said that he had returned from the desert, gaunt and weak from long fasting, and was gathering disciples about Him.

A visitor drops in, the wife of Zebedee, a kinsman of Mary and Joseph. She waits no ceremony, but at once pours forth her complaint. Jesus had come along the shore of the Sea of Galilee, where her sons James and John were making ready for a fishing trip. Jesus beckoned to them saying, "Follow me," and at once, the foolish youths leaving their nets and their father had followed Him, and they had not been home since. Added to this, their two partners, Simon and Andrew, had left their boat to follow Him. All this, just as the fish were running high. Good money was to be gathered in, and money soon brings honor.

Mary listens, pity in her glance. Poor mother, whose days revolve about her ambitions for her sons, balancing money and honor, against the call of Jesus. As the worried visitor takes her leave a messenger arrives. He bears an invitation from a relative of Joseph,

a wealthy Canaanite. He begs that Mary will attend the wedding feast of Simon, his son. Jesus and His disciples are to be there, and the family wish Mary to grace the ceremony with her presence and to assist the hostess that all may be carried out with fitting dignity.

Where charity calls Mary quickly responds, "They need me, and Jesus will be there." Arrived at the home of the groom, quietly and efficiently she gives herself to the business of the feast, for many distinguished guests are expected and the time for preparation is short.

The marriage rites and ceremonies over, the guests assemble in the great dining room. Here Mary has a little time with Jesus, while the host gives himself to dignitaries at the table's head. The feast proceeds in joy and gay congratulations to the young bride and groom.

Mary, staying in the background, directs the waiters. Suddenly she notices a group of servants in the shadow of the wall where six large water pots of stone have been set up. Anxiously they try to attract the attention of the chief steward. She goes to them. The supply of wine is exhausted., and there are guests still to be served. Jesus has left the table, and stands near its foot. Mary whispers to Him, "They have no wine." Jesus, looking at her troubled face, says in a tone of infinite love, "Woman, what is that to me and to thee? My hour has not yet come." Her son addresses her by the honorable oriental title, "woman." He sets Himself and her apart from material needs. "What is it to me and thee?"

Mary is so sure of Him that she hurries to the troubled waiters. "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do you." Jesus is close behind her. He says to the servers, "Fill the water pots with water." And they fill them to the brim. Then He directs, "Draw now, and carry to the chief steward." They look at Him doubtfully, but that gesture of authority is not to be disobeyed. They draw and carry to the steward, who must taste before the wine is offered to guests. He sips, looks up amazed, then tastes again. Approaching the bridegroom, he reproaches him for having first used his cheaper servings. To the astonished host, he insists, "You have kept the best wine until now."

Quickly the secret gets about, for the waiters knew, who had drawn the water. Jesus leaves the banquet hall. Mary senses a subtle change in the disciples. "They believe in Him." John comes a little shyly to bid her farewell. An unspoken message, and he is gone. John's reverence has changed to adoration; in the Master he sees his God.

All God's Children

By Sister Dorothy Mary

Julie watched the ant as it hurried along the green tile, pushing it from time to time into a crack to watch it struggle to the smooth surface again.

"Lola, do ants get lonesome?"

She turned around on the yellow chrome stool and watched Lola's brown hands move quietly between a bowl of melon balls and two salad plates.

In the last four years since Julie had learned to talk, Lola had grown used to such questions and now two laugh wrinkles deepened at the corners of her eyes.

"It's only people who get lonesome, Jewell. You run on and clean up or your little friend will be here and you'll still be poking around."

Julie slid from the stool and straightened with a slender forefinger the frames of her checked glasses.

"Mama says Karen's a nice girl for me to play with. Her Daddy's a broker, too, and she has a walking doll that's . . . simply crucial." Julie lingered on the last word, her blue eyes expecting a reaction. Mama had used it on the telephone only yesterday.

She had said, "Oh, she does her work well enough. Ted and I just don't like the idea of having her around now that J. is old enough for school. But, my dear, the maid situation is simply crucial."

Satisfied that Lola's grin meant full approval of her new word, Julie hopped first on one foot and then three times on the other all the way into the sun room to see how many things she could find that were crucial.

By the time Karen arrived, Julie had dubbed her new toy monkey, Mr. J. P. Crucial—because he WAS, anyone could see. But she didn't introduce him to Karen because she would laugh. Karen Lane didn't even believe mushrooms were elves' umbrellas. Once she said some were poisonous if you ate them and Julie was all mixed up because she didn't even want to eat one.

Most of the time, though, Karen was pretty smart. She was in the third grade at Jefferson and knew how to read without help, except sometimes she said words that didn't make sense in the story, especially long words beginning with "th" and "st."

"You're guest, so you get to choose where we'll eat."

"Coronado Coffee Shop."

"But we pretended that last time!"

"I know, but last time we ate at the counter. This time we're eating in a booth."

Two pairs of elbows quickly disappeared from the table as Lola backed out of the kitchen into the grey and green coolness of the dining room and placed a silver tray on the sideboard. She was humming a tune she had made up to go with "You Are Old, Father William," and Julie suddenly wished Karen would go home and night-time were already here. Then she would put on her sleepers with the feet in them and sit close to Lola at the end of the sofa as she hummed a song to go with "Alice and the Mad Hatter" or read a story about Pooh Bear hunting a Heffalump. It made her almost forget the heavy feeling she had in her throat when Mama would hurry into the living room, brush her lips on Julie's forehead and murmur, "Darling, be a good cherub and don't give Lola any trouble."

Julie wondered why the Country Club was more fun than home, and that feeling in her throat started again—the same tightness she felt when left alone in a dark room. But Lola's soft arm drew her close and soon they were lost in Pooh's world and things were warm and right again.

"Say, Julie, aren't you afraid to be in the house alone with her?"

Karen's voice startled her into an upright position.

"Afraid? Afraid to be . . . you mean afraid of Lola?"

"Yes. My Mother says you can't trust maids—at least not her kind. They aren't clean, you know." Karen scraped her mashed potatoes toward the center of her plate away from the edge where Lola's thumb had touched it.

"That's not so, Karen Lane! Lola's the most special friend I ever had. And I guess you can go home if you're going to talk like that!"

"Oh, forget it anyhow. You don't understand those things. What kind of dessert are we having, orange custard again?"

Julie's eyes smarted and the rest of the afternoon wasn't much fun. Twice she tried to defend her friend, but Karen was interested in her new nurse's outfit and wouldn't listen. When she finally left, Julie wandered into her bedroom and dressed in her nightgown without being told, switching on the night lamp before she crawled into bed. Soft blue light touched two brownies with pointed ears at the lamp's base and cast their shadows on the opposite wall above her white toy chest. She remembered once when the tiny blue light burned out and she awakened screaming. Only Lola's quick steps from the next room and gentle husky voice had been able to push back the fear of the dark, which made Julie's back ache from trembling even when she drew her knees up close to her chin.

Now Lola was tucking in the blue satin comforter and Julie thought for the first time, "Lola's hands are brown." She turned toward the wall to hide the pink flush which had risen in her cheeks.

"Where's my good-night hug, Jewel?"

"Oh, I'm awfully sleepy, Lola. Will tomorrow do? I don't even want a story tonight."

"Goodnight, Jewel," Lola's voice seemed huskier than usual.

An angry voice from the sun room wakened Julie early the next morning. Rain pelted the window panes and everything but that voice seemed muffled.

"That's the last straw! Brand new rug! Ruined!"

She recognized her Father's voice and tiptoed to the partly opened door. Fear turned to panic as her eyes traveled from the window she had left open to the large brown spot on the rug. It had been so hot before the rain started and she only wanted to breathe some fresh air.

"I've told her and told her to shut these windows at night."

Terror seized Julie as he turned to her.

Then she gripped the doorknob and stammered weakly, "I guess Lola must have done it, all right."

Her Father's eyes were staring at the rug again and she realized he wasn't listening to her.

"She's got to go. Lazy, no-account nigger."

The word burned into Julie's mind as she closed her door and walked over to turn off the night lamp.

Nigger! Lola was a nigger!

ST. PETER CLAVER

By Marylin Torre

*Cartagenian water rippled as a seashell,
Motions of seagulls timed to the knock of water against the bow,
Languid sailors spat on the roof of the dead.
In the hold, striped cargo with hushed stares
asked tolerance of the whip.
What chance of escape from life in a hovel?
Down the grease-stained ladder He came.
The white basket cover lighted the worn cassock,
Smoothed fears. Peter's cupped hands wet the crushed lip.
His love stretched from rich Castellians to unwanted creatures.
Words of courage pierced those broken hearts,
Of bogging Lazurus and burdened Simon.
Accept His Holy Will through link of chain—
Someday to touch the Master's hem,
With their confessor, doctor, father—Peter Claver.*

El Bracero

By Margaret Cain

When the orange season arrives and the trees are laden with fruit, the Nationals come to our town. They flood in, dark, small men dressed in ill-fitting, dusty clothes, and wearing old straw hats to shield their faces from the sun. On Sunday morning the church is crowded with them, coming in late, kneeling in the back, and leaving early. On Saturday nights we see them walking along the empty streets, looking in the shop windows. They like to gather around the jewelry stores to see the sparkling displays and to pick out the gifts they will bring home when all the oranges are picked. They shop at the dime stores, however, for their wages are small, and glass sparkles as brightly as diamonds. Then one day the trees are bare and the men are gone, to come back when the next crop is ripe.

The Nationals are the Mexican farm workers, the *braceros*, and are called Nationals to distinguish them from the Mexican-Americans. At harvest time they are brought over the border by the associations of farmers and fruitgrowers to work in the hot, fertile Imperial Valley, or to come further north and pick fruit. Theirs is a source of labor badly needed by United States farmers today, for with factory wages so high, not many men are willing to do heavy, poorly-paying farm work.

However, the *bracero* system of labor has resulted in a twofold problem, moral and economic. The first problem, that of the "wet-back," has resulted in exploitation and an oversupply of Mexican labor. The second problem is less obvious. It concerns not the "wet-back," but the ordinary *bracero*, and us.

It somehow surprises Americans to realize that most *braceros* are married men with families and often farms, and therefore are men with hopes and dreams and worries. We are accustomed to think of the *bracero* not as a person but as a commodity. In losing for a time his home, his family, and his friends, it seems he must also lose his identity.

The *bracero* comes from his country to ours and lives with us for a time, and when he is gone he has left nothing with us, nor have we given anything to him. He lives in barracks or tents with his countrymen; he is carried about by trucks like cargo; he is looked upon with suspicion and even fear as diseased or criminal, when he is noticed at all. He spends his time in a little country within a country and rarely ventures out. Even his cousins, the Mexican-Americans, who have their own problems in prejudice, scorn him. It is a sterile relationship he has with the people whose food he harvests. There is no sharing of cultures here; there is not even a touching of lives.

In our relationships with other races, other peoples, we are always the ones to benefit. We adapt to our lives the best of their cultures—their art, their songs, their customs. They receive the worst of ours—our mores, our fads, our merchandise. In the case of the *bracero*, however, we have an opportunity to reverse this process. We can offer to him what he needs and wants, modern farming methods, a taste of progress. We can make laws so that corruption in the hiring of laborers is destroyed. We can cooperate with the Mexican government to improve the incredibly poor living conditions of the Mexican peasant, and, by giving him a reason to stay in Mexico, stabilize the Mexican agricultural economy. We can train young Mexican men to work with the *braceros*, in hiring and overseeing them. By sound labor treaties, we can make sure that we will have no more problems such as the one which faces the Border Patrol, today in Mexicali, where 12,000 *braceros* and soon twice that number, are milling around behind the international gates, hoping for work which can be given to only half of them. And finally, we can remember what we seem to have forgotten, that these are men, not “labor,” and can offer them respect as men, as citizens of a country older than ours, and as our brothers in Christ.

In doing so we will make friends of men in whose veins flows the blood of saints and scholars, of Spanish conquistadores and of Aztec princes, and whose fate may very well affect the well-being of this country.

My College

By Clare Goss

I can stand in the middle of my college campus and see countless images indicative of the art and beauty of nature. Many of them are simple sights like the flaming brilliance of the bougainvillea vines trailing over graceful arches whose cool whiteness provides a perfect background for the cerise blooms. Others are more impressive such as the full view of the Pacific Ocean as it nestles against the curving shoreline far below. The water is sometimes as blurred and grey as the clouds which hover over it and at other times so blue that the sky seems pale by comparison. Turning from this panorama I see the chapel as it stands sheltered by the surrounding foothills, its tower pointing heavenward. Here is the center of my college from which issues a quiet peace that pervades the grounds around it. It is this feeling of serenity which makes this view the most valuable of all, because one glance uplifts the soul toward God.

God Didn't Make "White Men"

By Mary Frances Dolan

White man, white woman, white child. What a misnomer. There are no white people. God would never have created a man without color—a ghost, or a woman the color of death, or a child the color of a gravestone.

God made colored people but never white people. There are others of a hue like shining copper, a strong, rich color. Some folks are colored with a delicate tint of ivory, and have the dark, lustrous hair and sparkling eyes that complement it. Others are touched with a darker shade called yellow like sun flowers. Other children of God will have a light pinkish skin that goes with golden hair and blue eyes.

No two people have a skin color exactly alike. There are a trillion different colors each one as individual as our fingerprints.

There are people of a color called Negro, others of colors called Chinese, Japanese, Mexican, Italian, Indian, Norwegian, and dozens more. No matter where you look on earth you can find no white people.

To call yourself a white man is an empty boast. Everyone is of a color, some color.

Color is a beautiful thing. Just imagine what the world would be like without it. It would be like living in a theater and always seeing a black and white movie. Artists have tried for centuries to reproduce the brownness of one child, the goldenness of another. Writers too, have striven to recapture the beauty of color in people but they can never fully succeed for what we actually see can never be adequately reproduced or described.

We should thank God that He put color into His world both in nature and human beings. As the colors of a sunset reflect the glory of God so does God's supreme creation—man. The color we praise in a sunset deserves to be praised in man.

THE YELLOW LEAF

By Patricia Ching

*It is a day of mushrooms mellow
In the fields, so round and still;
The rich-growing grass and light, and everywhere
The singing sweetness. It is pussy-willow spring
All along the banks, smiling and youthful
In the stream of numbered dreams.
But in the death-gloom that is October,
Living yet those throbbing months, the green art
Perfect as the thrill is pain.
And as they walk in shadows, it rains
The autumn rain, dry and clattering . . .
Unseeing, they walk; and in their shattered wake,
And one by one, the leaves give chase
Merry in their dying art.*

Alumnae News

Alumnae Echoes, the official news letter of Mount Saint Mary's College Alumnae Association, has issued its third number, and seems to have assured for itself an important contact medium. The members are enthusiastic about the project, and congratulate the editor, MARGARET MOORE HODGSON and her staff members, BETSY KNIERIEM, GLORIA STOEFFLER and GENEVIEVE GORCIAC, for their fine unselfish performance in taking on this burden.

Among notices received too late for the last letter, was the announcement of a son, Kevin James, born to Lt. and Mrs. R. C. Appel (MAUREEN TROUNCE), on January 17, in Tripoli, North Africa, where Ray was stationed with the Air Force. The Appels with their two little sons returned to the States on April 27. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Walmsley (BETTY SWIFT) announce the arrival of a daughter, Joan Dara.

Wedding announcements include that of MARGARET ANN CZULEGER to Mr. John Richard Keenan, with a Nuptial Mass at St. James Catholic Church, Redondo Beach; of MARILYN MUNTUN to Mr. Elisea Gutierrez with a nuptial Mass in St. John the Evangelist Church, Los Angeles; of MARY PATRICIA PERRAM to Mr. John Herbert Michelmores at a nuptial Mass at St. Augustine's Church, Culver City; of E'LANE McCAFFREY to Mr. Michael Richard Kocol, at a Nuptial Mass at St. Mary's Church, Escondido; of PHYLLIS TAYLOR to Anthony Abrozizzi at a nuptial Mass, celebrated by Rev. Maurice Dee, the

uncle of Phyllis at Immaculate Conception Church in Monrovia of which Father Dee is pastor.

The Alumnae regional meetings report profitable reunions, the proceeds from which are swelling the fund for the new Music and Arts building at the Mount. Work is expected to start soon, so we ask that every effort be strained toward raising the needed funds. The regional meeting held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Foley (GENEVIEVE REEGAN) of Long Beach, has set a precedent, netting \$200. The appeal which the President, Mother Agnes Marie, made by a personal letter to our Alumnae is meeting with an encouraging response. It is the good will of the donor more than the amount of the gift that counts.

Mother Margaret Mary
R. I. P.



Mother Margaret Mary died Sunday morning July 11, at 1:05 a.m. after some weeks of illness, at the Daniel Freeman Memorial Hospital, in Inglewood.

Mother Margaret was the first president of Mount Saint Mary's College, and at the urgent request of Archbishop Cantwell was largely instrumental in its foundation and plan; the residence hall and chapel arose on the campus under her direction.

Representatives from some of the earlier members of the alumnae assisted at the solemn High Mass of Requiem, and at the grave side prayers, as she was laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery.

Her outstanding love of prayer and her devotion to the Sacred Heart inspires our trust that Mount Saint Mary's will be remembered and loved in Heaven, as its interests were so dear to her while she lived among us.

We ask your prayers that her soul may rest in Peace.

